Thus dost thou heare the nemean Lion roare,
Gainst thee thou Lambe, that standest as his pray:
Submissiue fall his princely feete before,
And he from forrage will incline to play.
But if thou striue (poore soule) what art thou then?
Foode for his rage, repasture for his den.

Quee. What plume of fethers is he that indited this letter? What vaine? What Wethercock? Did you euer heare better?

Boy. I am much deceiued, but I remember the stile.

Quee. Els your memorie is bad, going ore it erewhile.

Boy. This *Armado* is a *Spaniard* that keepes here in court, A Phantasime a Monarcho, and one that makes sport To the Prince and his Booke-mates.

Quee. Thou fellow, a worde. Who gaue thee this letter?

Clow. I tolde you, my Lord.

Quee. To whom shouldst thou giue it?

Clow. From my Lord to my Ladie.

Quee. From which Lord, to which Ladie?

Clow. From my Lord *Berowne*, a good Maister of mine, To a Ladie of France, that he calde *Rosaline*.

Quee. Thou hast mistaken his letter. Come Lords away. Here sweete, put vp this, twilbe thine annother day.

Boy. Who is the shooter? Who is the shooter?

Rosa. Shall I teach you to know.

Boy. I my continent of beautie.

Rosa. Why she that beares the Bow. Finely put off.

Boy. My Lady goes to kill hornes, but if thou marrie, hang me by the necke, if horns that yeere miscarrie. Finely put on.

Rosa. Well then I am the shooter.

Boy. And who is your Deare?

Rosa. If we choose by the hornes, your selfe come not neare. Finely put on in deede.

Maria. You still wrangle with her *Boyet*, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she her selfe is hit lower: Haue I hit her now?

Rosa. Shall I come vpon thee with an olde saying, that was

was a man when King *Pippen* of Fraunce was a litle boy, as touchiug the hit it.

Boy. So I may answere thee with one as olde that was a woman when queene *Guinouer* of Brittaine was a litle wench as toching the hit it.

Rosa. Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it my good man. *Exit.*

Boy. And I cannot, cannot, cannot: and I cannot, an other can,

Clo. By my troth most plesant, how both did fit it.

Mar. A marke marueilous wel shot, for they both did hit.

Bo. A mark, O mark but that mark: a mark saies my Lady. Let the mark haue a prick in't, to meate at, if it may be.

Mar. Wide a'the bow hand, yfaith your hand is out.

Clo. Indeed a'must shoot nearer, or hele neare hit the clout.

Boy. And if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Clo. Then will she get the vpshoot by cleauing the is in.

Ma. Come come, you talke greasely, your lips grow fowle.

Cl. Shes to hard for you at pricks, sir challeng her to bowle

Bo. I feare too much rubbing: good night my good owle.

Clo. By my soule a Swaine, a most simple Clowne. Lord, Lord, how the Ladies and I haue put him downe. O my troth most sweete iestes, most inconic vulgar wit, When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenly as it were, so fit. *Armatho* ath toothen side, o a most daintie man, To see him walke before a Lady, and to beare her Fann. To see him kisse his hand, & how most sweetly a wil sweare: And his Page atother side, that handfull of wit, Ah heauens, it is most patheticall nit. Sowla, sowla. *Exeunt.* Shoot within.

Enter *Dull, Holofernes*, the *Pedant* and *Nathaniel*.

Nat. Very reuerent sport truly, and done in the testimonie of a good conscience.

Ped. The Deare was (as you know) sanguis in blood, ripe as the Pomwater, who now hangeth like a Iewel in the eare of *Celo* the skie, the welken the heauen, & anon falleth like a Crab on the face of *Terra*, the soyle, the land, the earth.

Curat Nath. Truely M. *Holofernes*, the epythithes are sweetly vatried like a scholler at the least: but sir I assure ye it was a Bucke of the first head,

Hol.